

*American*

# JUNIOR RED CROSS

*November 1931* **NEWS** *"I Serve"*



• WYNNA WRIGHT •



## A Hawaiian Girl with Papaya Fruit

ANNA MILO UPJOHN

**P**APIA fruit is much like a golden melon on a tree. It is full of pepsin and extremely wholesome. The tree has no branches but large leaves on horizontal stalks. The fruit clusters around the trunk of the tree, beginning as a dark green knob. The Hawaiian girl holds a bowl of koa wood as hard as mahogany. In the old days when a chieftain died, the friends invited to his funeral feast were given bowls of koa filled with poi. When they had eaten they were expected to gnaw the edge of the dish as an expression of grief. The deeper the tooth marks, the stronger the grief.

# The Teacher's Guide

BY RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

## The November News in the School

### The Classroom Index

#### Auditorium:

A number of items are useful this month for school dramatics—"The Snowman;" the editorial "Two Christmas Plays;" the pictures "Let's Give a Play." See also the review below of *Plays for Civic Days*.

#### Citizenship:

"The Foreigner" will be welcomed alike by teachers who have the children of foreign-born parents among their pupils and by those whose pupils, because of remoteness from world contacts, think of all "foreigners" as "queer."

In connection with the feature activity "For Our Veterans," see also the item on page 2 of this *TEACHER'S GUIDE*.

"Juniors Here and There."

#### English:

"Something to Read" gives enough content to be interesting whether or not pupils read the books reviewed. These reviews also are an excellent model for pupils who wish to make their oral and written book reports really entertaining. The reviewer, by the way, is the Assistant Editor of Junior Red Cross magazines.

"Let's Give a Play."

#### Geography:

*Austria*—"The Foreigner" has an international theme, thoughtless cruelty toward a newcomer because of unfamiliar manners and dress.

*Sweden*—"The Snowman," like the delightful stories of Elsa Beskow reviewed last year in *THE TEACHER'S GUIDE*, shows children of Sweden as enjoyable acquaintances, and gives, besides, an enticing atmosphere of another land.

*Switzerland*—"Up at the Hospice of St. Bernard" concludes a fascinating account of the home of the famous monks and their beautiful colleagues, the St. Bernard dogs.

*United States—Hawaii*—"A Hawaiian Girl;" "From the Pacific Crossroads;" *Samoa*—"The Story of the Calendar Picture."

*Other Countries*—"Friends Abroad."

### References

*PLAYS FOR CIVIC DAYS*. Compiled by A. P. Sanford. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, 1931, \$2.50.

The new collection of plays for classroom and school assembly use, comprising twenty in all, includes a wide variety of citizenship themes: responsibility of voters, "the city beautiful," social service, appreciation of foreign-born citizens, international understanding, and health. They range from brief skits requiring three or four characters and the simplest imaginable setting, to longer and more spectacular dramas appropriate for ambitious auditorium programs. The cover is colorful and the typography attractive.

Several of the plays are of interest to classes enrolled in the Junior Red Cross. One of the

health plays, "Saving San Lita," was written by the seventh grade in the Albuquerque Indian School and awarded first prize in a Junior Red Cross health play contest conducted several years ago in Indian schools. A brief skit, "When Floods Come," is adapted from a program on Red Cross Disaster Relief given over the radio by the School of the Air two years ago. "When Junior Meets Junior" is a play about international friendships.

"Happiness Street," a play about service, is especially appropriate for Christmas.

**ASTRONOMY.** By Moulton. Macmillan, New York, 1931, \$3.75.

The methods of astronomers, the history of astronomy, diverse theories about astronomical problems, summary of proofs that the earth is round, and that it rotates, curious items of information (such as that the presence of helium on earth was not recognized until after it had been discovered by astronomers in the sun), the relationship of astronomy to other natural sciences, detailed maps and charts of the sky, many figures and photographs—make this volume a text-book for the serious student rather than a story-book for the superficial reader. It is also, for beginners as well as advanced students, a useful reference book, for it is based on a thorough acquaintance with the work of great astronomers and scientists in allied fields from earliest history to contemporaries like Jeans and Einstein.

### Third Year—School of the Air

The School of the Air announces the opening of its third year on November 9, 2:30 Eastern Standard Time. The schedule of "classes" is as follows:

*Monday*—Ancient and American history.

*Tuesday*—Geography, travelogues, and music appreciation.

*Wednesday*—Literature and art appreciation.

*Thursday*—Famous stories from other lands dramatized by children, and dramatic interpretation of folk songs. Several of these periods will be given over to nature study and several others to manual arts and crafts.

*Friday*—Civics, emphasizing vocational guidance, with talks by officials of government departments. The second half of the period will deal with current events, featuring Frederic William Wile.

In the geography and children's literature periods, international aspects will be emphasized, and also in the current events' period. Visual aid materials and supplementary reading lists will be sent teachers on application to the School of the Air, Columbia Broadcasting System.



# Developing Calendar Activities for November

## A Classroom Index of Activities

### Art:

*Participation in the World Poster Contest.* The rules for the International Poster Contest of The League of Red Cross Societies were given in the September News, "A Chance for Artists." One point to be remembered is that in the use of the Red Cross symbol, nothing should ever be superimposed on the Red Cross and that it must always have a background of plain white. This, of course, need not be more than a narrow white outline of the Red Cross. Violation of these rules, which are part of the Geneva agreement, would probably automatically bar any poster from receiving a prize.

*Preparation of posters for local use in Red Cross Roll Call.* This activity is not to be confused with the World Poster Contest. The "Seven Big Reasons" suggested as a theme may include Disaster Relief, First Aid, Life Saving, Public Health Nursing, Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick, Nutrition, Civilian Home Service. It may be that there will be local variation of the seven most important reasons for joining the Red Cross. Any Junior member will guess what the 7,000,000 little reasons are.

*Preparation of Christmas cards for Veterans* to send their friends.

*Preparation of a book of fall leaves for exchange in intersectional correspondence.*

### Auditorium:

*Programs for hospitals on Armistice or Thanksgiving.*

*Civics:*  
*Preparation of Thanksgiving gifts.* The exchange of confidential lists among schools is intended to guard the children, whose families receive aid, from tactless publicity. In this connection you may be especially interested in reading a story in the September issue of *The Survey Graphic* about the wrong way to give help to one's schoolmates. The title is "Points of View."

*Preparation of a vocational album for intersectional correspondence.* See also the announcement on page 1 of the Friday program, School of the Air.

### English:

*Dramatizations for hospitals.*

*Selection and binding of good short stories or of simple, "cheerful" poems for hospitals.*

*Preparation of letters for school correspondence and study of correspondence received.*

### Home Economics:

*Preparation of Thanksgiving gifts.* A successful activity in a number of Chapters has been the preparation of "balanced baskets," that is, a choice of food which will make possible preparation of balanced meals and inclusion of a number of simple, attractive menus. Perhaps some of the cans of vegetables and fruits prepared in the Junior Red Cross canning project will be appropriate.

### Manual Training:

*Manufacture of toys for Veterans* to send their children at Christmas.

### Music:

*Concerts for hospitals.*

### Nature:

*Preparation of a book of autumn leaves for intersectional correspondence.*

### Primary:

*Preparation of Thanksgiving picture books for children in hospitals in other lands.* The size approved for international correspondence (10x12 inches) is right for these picture-books, also. The materials should be substantial, the pages preferably of paper muslin or something else that does not tear easily. Color combinations should be artistic, and the cutting and pasting tidy.

*Preparation of vocational albums, "When We Are Big."*

## Gifts That Veterans Welcome

A member of the National Headquarters War Service staff brought back the following useful hints from a field trip to Veterans' Hospitals:

Junior members usually send gifts that show

fine workmanship and imagination but too often the gifts are not marked. Whenever there is time, they are marked at the hospital, but more often than not there is no time before distribution is made. This means a definite loss to the Junior Red Cross and the school contributing the gifts. Labels should not carry the name of individual pupils but should have the name of the local Junior Red Cross Chapter and the school or class.

Junior members should not send individual letters even in unaddressed envelopes for distribution to patients, for this may lead to direct correspondence between patients and pupils—the very thing that must be avoided. Besides, experience of hospitals shows that while these letters may be exceptionally well written and a very good part of English class work, they do not have any special appeal to the patients. A single letter written by an appointed secretary or, if the class and teacher wish, one group letter addressed to the hospital, is safe, and serves the purpose of friendship.

Miscellaneous scrapbooks, even well-made ones, are not useful. They do not interest the men, and in most hospitals an abundance of reading material is provided.

## Current References

The following references are reminders of publications valuable to schools:

The National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C., is again issuing for teachers weekly *Geographic News Bulletins*. They carry information of boundary changes, geographic developments and world progress of other lands and are illustrated with photographs. A request for the *Bulletins* should be accompanied by 25c to cover the mailing costs for thirty weeks. The service is not conducted for financial profit.

*The Survey Graphic* for September, 1931, is a special educational number. In addition to the story mentioned above, "Points of View," there is another, "The School Follows the Child," on the education of migrant Mexican children in California, and a delightful sketch of imaginary travel, "Traveling ad lib." The latter may be useful in connection with Book Week, the slogan for which is "Around the World in Books."

For Book Week, Miss Upjohn's volume, *Friends in Strange Garments*, is one of the most useful. The collection has stories of children in more than a dozen countries, with a full-page illustration for each story. Four of the pictures are in color. The publisher is Houghton Mifflin, and the school edition sells for 92¢.

## Junior Red Cross in World Education

All members of the Junior Red Cross will point proudly to the recognition received at the World Federation of National Education Associations meeting in Denver in July. M. Milsom, Director of Junior Red Cross for The League of Red Cross Societies, had an important place on a number of programs. Mr. Gard, Acting Director of the American Junior Red Cross, was on the program of the Geography Section. Resolutions were passed both in the plenary session and several of the departmental sections recommending Junior Red Cross activities in international friendship, including the system of international correspondence and other exchanges.



# J. R. C. Material for Visual Education

THE library teacher of John Marshall School, Glendale, California, Miss Matilda M. Speik, has contributed a report of practical use of Junior Red Cross materials that we wish to pass on to other teachers. The activity described not only tells of making slides for visual education but also of using Junior Red Cross stories and articles as reference material for "lectures" delivered in connection with the slides. Even though some teachers may not have saved last year's poster, the pictures on this year's CALENDAR and those appearing in the NEWS are suitable for the purpose. Miss Speik's account follows:

This year, in anticipation of World Good Will Day in May, the plans of the librarian included the making of a set of slides to use as visual aids. These slides were to serve also as illustrations for book reports and for talks on the customs and habits of the children of other lands. They were to be made by different sections of the sixth grades after several months of leisure reading of books about other countries.

## Around the World in Stories and Pictures

Each year the library program has centered around the idea of World Good Will. Our books have been carefully selected with this idea in mind. We have crossed the seas in imaginary ships and traveled to other lands by way of the book route, and we have found that we have much in common with our little neighbors whom we have never seen.

We had not yet tried slides as the medium for illustrating our book reports. The moment the library-teacher made the suggestion the children were ready and willing to begin,—eager to use their time after school, if necessary. They began searching in books and magazines for pictures to copy or trace.

Then the 1930-31 Junior Red Cross poster arrived. As soon as the librarian saw it she knew just what the library copy ought to be used for. It was not necessary to spend any more time searching for pictures, especially since the reading of books, the book reports, and illustrated talks were the most valuable parts of this program. Here we had a set of up-to-date pictures at hand,—just the right size to trace and color if the names of the countries below were left off. The names could be placed elsewhere on the finished slides in smaller print. Another point of merit in these pictures was that each one depicted in the background a Junior Red Cross activity characteristic of the country illustrated.

## Making Slides

When the time came for making the slides the pictures were cut from the poster. They were traced in black India ink on the cover glass used for slides. Then they were hand-colored with blue, green, red and purple India ink. Many slides were made, so that many children could have a share in the joy of making them. The making of slides is very simple and easy. If a mistake is made every bit of the India ink can be washed off in a moment, and the piece of glass is ready for a new attempt. The cover glass is very inexpensive. The best ones were covered with another piece of glass and then bound around the edges with black tape to make the finished set.

## Hunting Lecture Material

When the slides were ready, a program chairman was appointed to assign the talks and a research committee to aid in finding the material needed. Fourteen slides were used the first time. Twelve or fifteen at most is conceded to be enough for one lesson. After choosing a slide or country, each child wrote the talk in his own words, read and discussed it with the librarian and then memorized it.

Books illustrated by the slide were listed and advertised in each report. For example, the child giving the talk on Holland suggested that the audience read "Hans Brinker and the Silver Skates" by Dodge and also "The Dutch Twins" by Lucy Fitch Perkins. For the slide illustrating Holland there is an excellent article called "In Windmill Land" in the October, 1929, JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS. The child telling about Japan announced that Burton Holmes' book, "Japan," was a beautiful book to enjoy with its full-page illustrations, and that "The Japanese Twins" was a funny story about Japanese children, and also told a few of the most characteristic customs of the land of Japan.

## The "Junior Red Cross News"

There are no story-books in our library about Czechoslovakia, Poland, Latvia, and a few of the other countries, so the research committee found material for these talks in the Junior Red Cross magazines. The talk on Germany told about "Story Book Town" in Germany, taken from the December, 1929, issue of the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS. The one on Czechoslovakia told about the Easter truce in Czechoslovakia, since this first program was given two weeks before Easter. This was found in the April, 1928, issue. The talk on South Africa told about the "Wild Flowers of South Africa" as given in the May, 1925, JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS. The material for the talk on Poland was found in the January, 1927, issue, and the one on Norway in the February, 1930, issue. For Latvia and the Balkan countries the February, 1931, issue gave excellent material.

## Slides for Other Holidays

A similar set of slides could be used to excellent advantage to illustrate the book reports given in the auditorium during Book Week in November. At Christmas time they could be used to illustrate talks on Christmas customs of other lands. The December, 1927, JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS has an excellent article on "Old Country Customs." Similar material can be found in other issues. Supplemented by folk songs taught in the music classes and sung in costume, and by folk games taught by the Physical Training Department and given in costume, a similar set of slides would provide a basis for a splendid Good Will Day program in May.

Many of the schools of Southern California have made similar sets of World Friendship slides. Ours are unique in that they were made entirely from Red Cross pictures and supplemented with material for talks found in the Junior Red Cross magazines.

# Fitness for Service for November

## Prevention

THE periodic health examination by a competent physician is a means of preventing personal illness or physical handicaps. The habit of having such an examination on one's birthday is growing in favor. Where this does not seem practicable, the school nurse is usually ready to advise as to which pupils stand particularly in need of thorough examination; or the school physician in his annual inspection of all pupils, will discover those cases that need a more complete diagnosis.

Boys and girls may be interested in comparing the care of their own "machinery" with that of an automobile. The car must be in good running condition, and must be kept in order by proper "feeding," by prompt repair of wear and tear, by reasonable protection and proper treatment. It is advisable to have an occasional, thorough overhauling by an expert—though out of courtesy to the doctor, perhaps we had better not say by an "expert mechanic!" For the sake of the driver's own safety and the safety of other drivers and pedestrians, traffic rules must be learned and observed. There is one point of difference to be remembered: Some people mistreat their cars and "trade them in" on new models at frequent intervals. *No one can afford to do that with his body.* If he lets the present model go to rack and ruin, through reckless driving, he will have to get along with it the best he can. Belated care is too often futile in effecting a cure. Prevention is the best means of insuring long service.

## Preventing Colds

Respect of personal property is a way to prevent colds. Emphasize to pupils that one should have and use his own handkerchief, wash cloth, towel, drinking cup, tooth brush, and (if he must have it) gum! Also, coughs and sneezes are personal property and should be kept under cover of handkerchiefs, never shared with others. Nobody, no matter what his politics, should approve of communism in these matters.

Responsibility for environment, however, is a community affair. Teachers should find pupils good helpers in controlling ventilation and room temperature. Overheating of buildings in Indian summer should be guarded against.

## Immunization

Three chapters in *Health Horizons*, reviewed in the September TEACHER'S GUIDE (Silver, Burdett Company), will be found especially helpful in studying problems of prevention and control. The titles are: "Disease Prevention," "Communicable Diseases," and "Non-communicable Diseases." The progress of modern medical science, in preventing and controlling epidemics and in reducing the death rate of diseases that were once accepted as fatal, is traced in sections on antiseptics, sources of infection, and the results of immunization against typhoid, diphtheria, smallpox, and other maladies. Results of experimental study as to the effects of alcohol on resistance to disease, on insanity rates, eye defects, and death rates are given.

There are also sections on quarantine of disease, including quarantine at national borders and in foreign ports, and on international public health agreements. The revival of the fight against numerous enemies of health, in many countries of the world, makes an exciting narrative.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, New York has the following excellent publications on disease prevention:

The Health Heroes series, publication No. 13, "Pasteur;" 14, "Trudeau;" 15, "Jenner;" 16, "Reed;" 19, "Some ways of using the Health Heroes series."

The Disease Prevention series, 39, "Common colds;" 42, "Diphtheria;" 45, "Infantile paralysis;" 50, "Scarlet fever;" 51, "Smallpox;" and others equally useful, a complete list of which may be secured by writing the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.

## Controlling International Traffic in Harmful Drugs

For a study of international control of trade in harmful drugs, suggested under "World Responsibility," in October, you will find an authentic summary of facts in *Dangerous Drugs*, by Arthur Woods, Yale University Press, New Haven, 1931. The study covers, in a simple and direct fashion, types of drugs that are most harmful, the effects of use upon individuals, the consequences to society, the history of fifteen years' effort for international control, and needs for the future. The way in which individual safety depends increasingly on social responsibility is suggested in such passages as this:

"No more marked instance than this can be given of the way in which in this modern world, whether we like it or not, we are all brothers one of another; we are more and more dependent on each other for our well-being and happiness as well as for our very security." The increasing ease of intercommunication (cable, radio, steamship, airship, international trade) "certain as it is to bring about the giving up of war as a means of settling disputes among nations, provides a means for evil communications and poisonous trade, as well as a wholesome interchange among nations." In the control of dangerous drugs, local action has proved inadequate, state laws futile, and even national laws ineffectual, except as supported by international agreement. The study stresses two broad principles as essential for safety—not only rescue of the victims from evil effects of the use of harmful drugs, but safety of all from the social results of a wider-spread poverty and of crime that endangers whole communities and nations. These two principles "which can serve the citizens of any nation as a barometer of their government's good faith and effectiveness in the matter of drug control" are (1) the adequate and rigorous supervision of the manufacture and distribution of drugs within its own borders, and (2) a loyal practice of the import and export certificate system of the League of Nations Advisory Committee on Traffic in Opium and Other Dangerous Drugs." A third preventive agreement, eventually necessary, concerns limitation not only of exports and imports but of the quantity produced.

Current developments in meetings of the League Committee have been traced during recent months in the *Survey Graphic's* department of international problems and progress, by John Palmer Gavit.

An additional reference is *Narcotic Education*, published at 578 Madison Avenue, N. Y. C. The August issue contains the speeches made at the 1931 World Conference on limitation of narcotics.



*All at once he screamed and held his hands in front of his face*

## The Foreigner

DOLORES VIESER

Illustrations by Charles Dunn

**W**HEN he entered the class room for the first time, he wore—imagine it!—a suit of brown velvet, a black belt which shone like a mirror and a white collar lined with lace. And he was very blonde. And well-bred he was, too. You could see that in the way he greeted the teacher, not shouting his “Good morning,” but saying it with a graceful bow.

The teacher ran his fingers through his much admired dove-gray mustache, placed the new boy beside him on the platform and said: “This is Waldemar Bianchi, refugee from Pontebba. I hope you will make friends with him.”

We all stared at him until he blushed deeply. That he was a refugee aroused our sympathy a bit. But how could a live boy be called Waldemar!

Hardly was he seated when Nather Hansl behind me started to laugh; a low laughter went through the line of the Hansl, Hiasl, Kare, Sepp and Franzl. As exceptions there were one Rudi and one Hartl, but there had never been a Waldemar up to now.

But now he was sitting here, right in front beside those who were either very short or very good. We constantly watched him, pushed one another when he blushed and could not help

acknowledging that he really knew something.

When recess came we passed into the school yard which was in the shadow of a high steep rock. Waldemar went down, too, all by himself and a bit intimidated. Downstairs we were waiting for him. “Let’s play one, two, three, clapping,” we shouted.

Waldemar smiled and did not object when one boy clapped him on the shoulder saying, “You’re it.” He faced the wall, obediently shut his eyes and counted in a slow, loud voice, giving the boys time to hide comfortably. Then he began to look for them. But as soon as he approached a hiding place, its inhabitants rushed forward with a wild shouting, simply running him down. And thus he was “it” all the time.

Finally the school bell rang. “Can you climb rocks?” asked one of the boys before they entered the gate. Doubtfully Waldemar looked at the rock. “No, I can’t,” he finally admitted. “I’d ruin my clothes.” Kare turned away from him full of contempt. Of course, in a velvet suit one could not do such a thing.

At noon time when we rushed across the school bridge, we noticed in the street a young woman dressed in black. She smiled sadly when we passed by. We overheard how she addressed





our new boy affectionately as "Waldi." We could not help laughing again, for with us terriers were called "Waldi."

And then, what a coat he was wearing, with a belt, like a gentleman! Now a Huttenberg mantle was something else. Boldly you could hang it over your shoulder, in it braving wind and weather, snow and hail. In the first grade you

showed your thick stockings, in the third, your naked knees, and in the fourth, your breeches. Such a mantle was a collection of spots and tears each of which had its glorious story. But Waldemar was wearing a coat!

We laughed behind him. Had he come the following morning with a *flattach* such as we wore, we probably would have laughed still more. There was nothing to be done with him.

He was a model boy. Compared with him we were small devils. No one had noticed that so much before. But now since he was with us we felt ashamed and depressed. We had rather rough habits. The girls, of course, were virtuously disgusted with the "roughness" of the boys. But sometimes they acted like wild cats.

Waldemar was ineffably soft. He never became wild or furious. He accepted everything, coarseness and teasing, mockery and sneers, even thrashings. He had a disposition like butter-milk.

He lived with his mother, who was a widow, on the "Tratten" in an old, dark house. In front it was a pond where we used to play. Then we would see him sitting in front of the house busy with his books. We called him, but he did not come. He always remained near his quiet, gentle mother.

However, we believed him to be conceited, cowardly, false, effeminate and servile. He was winning out everywhere. Our mothers held him up as our model, the priest said he was an extraordinary child, the teacher seemed to praise him frequently and even among our own girls there was a party formed for him.

Then we began to hate him.

When he entered the classroom the boys would call: "Come on, Waldi, look for the cat, Waldi." Without knowing how it happened, he was mixed up with bad rows and school scandals, and was punished with us. The hardened evildoers who had to stay after school enjoyed his crying. The bad boy sitting behind him smeared ink on his collar.

Waldemar became quite confused. He gave wrong replies and was quite nervous. But quietly he suffered, he seemed even to apologize. That made us still more bitter. He was our enemy. We hated him. But he seemed to like us. That was nothing but hypocrisy, of course.

During the first days of the long vacation we were playing by the pond. As usual, Waldemar was reading in front of the house, while his mother hung the washing out to dry.

We invited Waldemar to join us. He wanted to accept the invitation but his mother told him not to go. Obediently he sat down again. I don't know who started it. But at once the boys began throwing little stones farther and farther until they passed close to the boy.

"Don't, don't," he said pleadingly. The boys enjoyed their close shots all the more. The poor boy got up to go into the house. All at once he screamed, held his hands in front of his face and stumbled towards the wall.

"Look at the coward," someone teased.

The linen dropped out of Mrs. Bianchi's hands. "What's the matter, Waldi?" she asked anxiously rushing towards him. She took her child's hands off his face and stood a moment quite bewildered. Then she shrieked so terribly that ice seemed to chill our limbs.

"It is his eye."

She turned and raised both fists as if in a threatening curse. We flew down the valley, and did not dare to look behind.

We ran and ran, past the churchyard, along the Tratten, past the mill, and hid trembling in a back street along high garden walls.

"Who did it?"

We shrugged our shoulders, cast down our eyes. At a distance we heard a horse galloping over the pavement. "That is the doctor," someone whispered.

Rainer Seppl began to cry. We were all choked with tears. "Let's go home," said Hansl. We nodded, but did not move. The clock struck six. The doctor had not yet returned home. "If he should become blind . . ." said Sager Franzl.

"You monkey," cried his brother wildly, "He has better eyes than you have." And then it was quiet again. We should have liked to talk

but none of us knew what to say. In our ears we still heard the cry of Mrs. Bianchi.

"Indeed—we must admit—he has never harmed any of us." It was like a judgment.

From the tower sounded the evening bells. I could not stand it any longer. I rushed away, slipped into the dark church and fell on my knees in front of the altar.

"Please, please, dear good God, I beg you, don't allow Waldi to be blind—we did not want that." And suddenly I remembered the old prayer which our nurse used to say: "Oh God, whom we call father and in whose love we are all brothers, —"

Many times I had repeated these words without grasping the sense, but now, in the deep misery of this hour, I began to understand them. It was our brother whom we had hated and wronged!

I cried bitterly, "Perhaps he will be blind now because we have been so bad to him. Never again will he see the sun, and the blue sky and the dark pond! We did not like him because he was a foreigner, and yet he was better than we."

The sacristan entered clattering his keys. As in a dream I left the church.

Hastily my mother approached across the square. "Here you are," she said excitedly. "Were you there, too?" Sobbing I nodded. "How could it happen?" she inquired. "Is it really the eye?" I shrugged my shoulders. "Come along," said my mother, and silently we hurried along the valley.

The lights of the gloomy house were reflected in the pond. I wished to go back, and yet a strange power drew me towards the scene of the accident. The windows on the ground floor were bright. The door was open. The doctor had just left. My mother entered. I stood outside peeping through the curtain.

I saw the narrow bed, a white pillow and a bandaged head. I saw Mrs. Bianchi's terrified eyes and her cheeks red from crying.

My mother entered pleadingly. Mrs. Bianchi started up, hatred in her face. Accusingly she pointed to her suffering child. I turned away trembling.

A while later my mother joined me again. She was very quiet and looked broken. "You see," she said sadly, "how terrible hatred is—and with children! Poor Waldi will be blind perhaps for all his life, you are troubled and Mrs. Bianchi is entirely desperate. And why—?"

Silently we passed the churchyard. "When will there be peace on earth?" said my mother.

Since that summer night many years have passed. Our doctor was a capable oculist. Somewhere in northern Italy the quiet boy is teaching now. He has surely not forgotten his friends in Carinthia. For after that accident, when he came to school again, he was close to our hearts. And if two of us boys or girls, who are scattered now, meet again, we never fail to ask one another: "You remember Waldi?"

Then we will nod and remember. For through that trouble came the basis for the growth of real peace: Love for the foreign brother.



*I slipped into the church*

## THE CALENDAR PICTURE

POONYA is going home with empty baskets after selling all her palm-sugar cakes. The sugar is put up in little sealed clay pots to keep it from ants. Poonya makes the pots as well as the sugar. She lives in a compound, that is, an enclosure in which are several native huts. There grow the palm trees from which the sugar is made, and there Poonya moulds the pots to contain it. It is a holiday in the old town of Petchaburi. Once a year people come from all over Siam to worship in the famous cave temple

there. It is reached by a flight of steps cut in the rock and leading down into the cave. It would be pitch dark were it not for the bonfires that light the interior with weird effect, for the cave is full of stalactites and stalagmites in strange forms. But Poonya does not go down into the cave. She sits at the top of the steps in the hot air heavy with the scent of frangipani flowers and offers her sugar cakes for sale. When they are gone she patters home, takes off her turban showing a shaven head, and places a bowl of rice before the tiny spirit house that stands on a post in the middle of the compound.



by  
Elsa Beskow

Illustrations  
by the Author

#### DRAMATIS PERSONAE

KLAS	} Brother and sister	
LISA		
THE SNOW MAN		JON BLUND
THE BROWNIE		NEIGHBOR PER
VIRRIILI	} Two small snow fairies	
VIRRILO		
MOTHER'S VOICE		

**THE BROWNIE:** *The Swedish country folk believe that every home has its own special Brownie, who watches over the house, its inmates, the farm animals, the grain, milk, etc., etc., and sees to it that everything is as it should be: in short, a sort of invisible caretaker. The Swedish word is "Hustomten" or "House Brownie."*

**JON BLUND:** *More or less the same as our sand man.*

*(The action takes place in Sweden, just outside a small cottage. Snow on the ground. A large snow man stands holding a cane, to which is fastened a piece of paper with the word "Welcome" printed on it in big letters. Klas and Lisa are putting the finishing touches to the snow man as the curtain rises.)*

**KLAS:** So there! Now the snow man is ready! He turned out well, didn't he?

**LISA:** Beautifully! He looks almost alive.

**KLAS:** If only he would last until Christmas now!

**LISA:** If he does, we shall write "Merry Christmas" instead of "Welcome." Why did you write "Welcome" in the first place?

**KLAS:** Oh, I don't know. Just for fun! But then, it may always do some good.

**LISA:** How?

**KLAS:** Well, in case Santa Claus happens to

pass by. Last Christmas he forgot all about this cottage.

**LISA:** But that was because father and mother couldn't afford to give us any Christmas presents.

**KLAS:** I know, but that is just why I think Santa Claus may give us something instead.

**LISA:** That's true! Maybe when he sees how funny the snow man is he'll stop and look at it. And then when he sees the "Welcome" he will come right into the cottage! Oh, Klas!

**MOTHER'S VOICE** (from inside the cottage): Klas and Lisa! Come to bed now, it is late.

**KLAS:** Right away, Mother. (Fixes the cane firmly in the snow man.) There! Come now, Lisa.

*(They run into the cottage. The stage is empty for a minute, then the Brownie comes pattering in. He is small, dressed in gray with a red cap, and carries a lantern. He gives a start when he sees the snow man.)*

**BROWNIE:** Ho! Look at that! There's a bouncing fellow! *(Lights it up with his lantern and spells out the sign.)* W-e-l-c-o-m-e, Welcome! Well, I never! Welcome to a house where there is scarcely bread enough for the day! *(Sighs.)* Things were different in the old days.

*(Jon Blund enters. He is dressed in pajamas, white pointed hat, slippers; and carries a huge umbrella under his arm.)*

**JON BLUND:** Hullo! Have we guests here? *(Bows to the snow man.)*

**BROWNIE:** *(behind him)* I think you might greet me, too!

**JON B.:** Oh, are you here? Hello, hello!

**BROWNIE:** How-d'y-do!

**JON BLUND:** Isn't it nice that we have a snow man on the grounds? I like that. It makes you feel that things are right somehow.



BROWNIE: Well, the snow man is about the only thing that is right in this house!

JON BLUND: How's that? This is a good home! I ought to know that, when I sit on the children's bed almost every night.

BROWNIE: Oh, there's no fault with the *people* in the house! But *you* have an easy and care-free job, just running about giving children happy dreams. I must keep watch when others are sleeping, and I see well enough what's wanting when I make my house-rounds, I can tell you!

JON BLUND: What is wanting?

BROWNIE: Everything! (*He rocks back and forth.*)

Flour for bread,  
Wood for fire,  
Fodder for cows,  
Leather for shoes.

Do you want to hear more?

JON BLUND: No, that's enough! Well, if it's as bad as all that, then the children need the loveliest dreams I can give them. (*He takes a few steps toward the house, but turns back again.*) But you need something to cheer you up, too! Look! I'll give you someone to talk to. (*He blows on the snow man.*) So there! Wake up now Mr. Snow Man and keep my friend Mr. Brownie company! (*He runs into the cottage.*)

SNOW MAN: (*Stretching and yawning.*) Oho; . . . aaaahhH . . . Where am I?

BROWNIE: Well, did you ever see the like? How do you do!

SNOW MAN: How do you do! Who are you?

BROWNIE: I'm the Brownie who takes care of this house, but who are you?

SNOW MAN: That's what I would like to know! (*Looks at himself.*) I'm new, at any rate, because I'm all white from head to foot. You are so gray you must be old.

BROWNIE: Brownies are always gray.

SNOW MAN: Really! Oh I wish I knew how I got here!

BROWNIE: The children rolled you together a while ago.

SNOW MAN: Your children?

BROWNIE: No! Human children, the ones that live here in the cottage.

SNOW MAN: Are they made of snow, too?

BROWNIE: No indeed, I should say not!

SNOW MAN: Where are they now?

BROWNIE: They are fast asleep there, in the warm cottage.

SNOW MAN: Ugh! Dear me, how awful that sounds. I almost melt when you say such things.

BROWNIE: Silly! Its the best thing in the world to be warm and cozy.

SNOW MAN: Then why aren't you in there where it's warm?

BROWNIE: Because someone has to watch over the house, to see that everything goes well.

SNOW MAN: It's your house, then?

BROWNIE: Oh, no indeed!

SNOW MAN: Then why do you bother about watching over it?

BROWNIE: (*Hotly*) Because I happen to have a heart in me, and as long as that heart beats I shall keep watch over the people in this house!

SNOW MAN: What is a heart?

BROWNIE: It is something warm and red that thumps in here (*pounds his chest*). Sometimes it beats slowly, and sometimes so fast that it nearly burns.

SNOW MAN: Ugh! How dreadful! Please don't talk about it any more, I feel as if I were melting away. It's a good thing that I have no heart.

BROWNIE: You! You have only a lump of ice for a heart. That's very convenient, that is!

SNOW MAN: Yes, indeed! I don't worry about anyone else but myself. Look here, it isn't going to thaw, is it?

BROWNIE: (*Looking up.*) No, more likely it will get colder, and we are sure to have more snow.

JON BLUND: (*Comes out of the house and closes up his umbrella.*) Now they are happy in there, I can tell you. Oh, what jolly dreams those were! But then it isn't a bit hard to make jolly dreams for such children!

BROWNIE: Listen here! Are you going to pay a visit to our neighbor to-night?

JON BLUND: Oh, no! I never go there; there aren't any children.

BROWNIE: But look, couldn't you go to him, that nasty "Greedy Per" as I call him, and give him some of the dreams he deserves? It might help to melt that lump of ice he has for a heart.

SNOW MAN: Lump of ice! Has someone else besides me a lump of ice for a heart?

JON BLUND: Well, listen to that! You speak splendidly! Have you had a pleasant chat together?

SNOW MAN: Oh yes, rather. Although I didn't understand very much of what he said. But I did understand one thing: that it's better to have a lump of ice than a heart that beats and ticks and is warm!

BROWNIE: Don't listen to that dunce, Jon Blund. I have something important to talk to you about. If you are such a magician that you

can make a snow man live and talk, couldn't you give that greedy Per a dose of dreams that would make him repent, and be kind to the master here?

JON BLUND: What has he done?

BROWNIE: The master, you mean? He hasn't done anything; he has just been altogether too kind. Too much kindness isn't a good thing either, you know; it can cause a lot of trouble.

JON BLUND: But what has Neighbor Per done then?

BROWNIE: He, the miser, he just sits and rakes in everything he can! He's so greedy that it's shameful! He lends out money at interest; and *what* interest! And the master is so in his clutches that he will soon have to give up both house and grounds.

JON BLUND: Has he borrowed so much money from Neighbor Per?

BROWNIE: Not the master! He is a careful and thrifty man, but it's his brother-in-law who is head over heels in debt to this miser here; and the master has promised to pay his debts for him! He has signed a paper on it, too.

JON BLUND: Hm! If that's the case, Neighbor Per certainly ought to have a dream or two that would shake him up a bit. But he sleeps so little. I don't know how I can get at him. I often see him sitting bent over his account books way into the night. And even if I could manage to give him a dream, he would certainly forget it the next morning. He would remember only that it was something unpleasant, and blame it on his digestion!

BROWNIE: (*Excitedly*) But couldn't you *try* it anyway? To-morrow the master must pay him again, and he is at his wit's end.

JON BLUND: He isn't home yet. I passed him on the road just a few minutes ago, on his way back from a feast. When he finally does reach home he will probably sit up all night with his books. (*Pause*) Hm! There seems to be snow in the air; maybe Virrilo and Virrili can help us out. (*Whistles.*)

BROWNIE: Who are they?

JON BLUND: They are two small snow fairies, very good friends of mine. We have had many a jolly time together, I can tell you! Here they come.



The Brownie

V. AND V.: (*After dancing, and a bow to Jon Blund.*) What do you want with us?

JON BLUND: Dance a bit for my friends here!

V. AND V.: (*Whirl and twirl around the Snow Man and the Brownie. They sing;*)

Light as down and white as snow,  
Virrili, Virrilo.  
Butterfly and bumblebee,  
None can fly as swift as we,  
Virrilo, Virrili.  
Twist and turn and turn and twist,  
Light on toe  
To and fro.  
Virrili, Virrilo.

SNOW MAN: Help! I'm losing my balance!

BROWNIE: Stop! Stop! Go to Neighbor Per instead!

JON BLUND: Here, Virrilo and Virrili, take my umbrella and go down the road until you meet Neighbor Per. Muddle and jumble up his thoughts a bit with your whirling, and then put this umbrella into his hand. A little snow wouldn't do any harm either, so that he will have to put it up. And then see to it that he loses his way and comes here instead of going home.

V. AND V.: No sooner said than done, Jon Blund! (*They dance out with the umbrella, singing.*)

BROWNIE: Thanks be to you, Jon Blund!

JON BLUND: I hope it all works out for the best now. You will take care of my umbrella, won't you?

BROWNIE: Trust me, Jon Blund! And thank you.

JON BLUND: Good night, and good luck! (*Exit.*)

SNOW MAN: Ugh! I'm so dizzy from all this, I think I'll go to sleep.

BROWNIE: If you keep awake a little longer you will get a chance to see that man with the lump of ice for a heart.

SNOW MAN: Oh, I certainly want to see him! Nice to meet a friend. Is he as white as I am?

BROWNIE: Oh, no indeed! Rather, he's as black as soot. Sh! Here he comes! (*Hides.*)

PER: (*Cries out in his sleep, off stage.*) Let me go! Let me go! I haven't done any harm! I'm only a poor beggar! Take away the dog!! Hold him, hold him!! (*He comes rushing in, stumbles and falls, dropping umbrella. Wakes up, rises slowly and looks around in confusion, wiping his brow.*) Where am I? (*Sees the umbrella, which he picks up and closes. Almost bumps into the Snow Man and jumps back.*) Ai! What's this?

SNOW MAN: How do you do?

PER: Oh, my soul! The snow man is speaking. I must have fever.

SNOW MAN: How do you do, fellow friend with a lump of ice for a heart!

PER: Lump of ice for a heart? Impudent scamp! I'm no worse than all the rest. Each man for himself!

SNOW MAN: Quite right, old friend, quite right!

PER: (*Wiping his brow again.*) What's the matter with me? Here I stand talking with a snow man. What did I drink at Per Olov's feast! I only took a little glass; such a little, little glass, so I can't be drunk. But my heart is beating so, I must have fever.

SNOW MAN: Does your heart beat? But you have a lump of ice, just like myself!

PER: There! That's the second time he's said that! Whatever is happening to me? I must be dreaming. If I pinch myself very hard maybe I'll wake up. (*Pinches himself.*) There, now I must be awake! But where am I? (*Looks around.*) This isn't my house! And there's the snow man again! Oho, now I see, I have taken the wrong turn, and this is the neighbors' farm! Well, well, mine isn't very far off; I had better be moving along. (*Takes a few steps.*)

SNOW MAN: Are you going already? We ought to have a chat, we two.

PER: (*Stops.*) Now he's talking again! Then I can't be awake, and in that case I don't dare go on. Never can tell what will happen if you go wandering about in your sleep. I had better sit right here until I wake up. Oh, ah, I'm quite shaky in the knees. (*Sits on the steps.*)

SNOW MAN: Why don't you go into the house?

PER: Why should I do that?

SNOW MAN: Are you afraid that your lump of ice would melt if you went in?

PER: (*Angrily.*) Keep still, you with your "lump of ice"! My heart is no worse than other people's! Do you think that anyone bothered about me and my brothers when I was small? Oh, no! We were driven out into the cold, we were. But I made up my mind then that some day I would be rich, and treat others as I was being treated. And now it's my turn; now I am rich!

SNOW MAN: What does "rich" mean?

PER: Here I am talking to that snow man again. Am I never going to wake up then? And whose umbrella is this I have here? I didn't have any umbrella when I left home, that much I know. Well, I might as well use it as long as I have it, it's beginning to snow again. (*Puts up umbrella and sleeps.*)

BROWNIE: (*Peeps out.*) Now he's sleeping again. I wonder if Jon Blund's dreams are powerful enough to waken such a hard-hearted old man?

SNOW MAN: (*To the Brownie.*) Good night, Mr. Brownie, I'm going to sleep now. I didn't understand that man with the lump of ice any better than I understood the rest of you. No, I think I shall creep into myself and go to sleep. One is better off that way, in the long run.

BROWNIE: Good night! Yes, one is certainly better off that way! Look at them, both fast



Klas and Lisa discover Per on their doorstep

asleep! But the snow man has the best of it because he has no dreams.

PER: (*Mumbling in his sleep.*) I'm so hungry, I'm so hungry. Give me a piece of bread.

BROWNIE: Oho! Now it's beginning.

PER: What? Are they going to send me to court? Is it my fault that the children are starving?

BROWNIE: Good for you, Jon Blund!

PER: (*With raised, excited voice.*) Prison? Am I going to prison? But I haven't anything! Oh, kind Mr. Judge take my money, take all my money, but let me go!

BROWNIE: That's the way it should sound!

PER: (*More and more agitated.*) Let me go! Let me go! I must help the children! They are starving! I must give them food. Oh, the poor children, and it's my fault, too. I must help them, I must help them! Let me go, I say! Help! Help! (*He mutters continuously throughout the following.*)

LISA: (*Peeps out the door with a shawl around her. Cries to Klas.*) Klas! Put on your coat and shoes and come out! There is a poor old



man here crying for help. (*Both children come out of the cottage.*)

LISA: Oh, Klas, it's a poor beggar sitting and freezing here in the cold.

KLAS: He must be having a terrible dream. Let's wake him up and take him into the cottage.

LISA: (*Takes the umbrella and closes it, while Klas tries to lift him up.*) Wake up! Wake up! There's nothing to be afraid of. (*They both help him to his feet.*)

PER: (*Standing up and looking at the children in confusion.*) Where am I?

LISA: (*Soothingly.*) Here with us. It's all right. Come in now and get warm, poor old man.

PER: (*Staring at the children.*) Are you still alive? Isn't it true that you starved to death?

LISA: Starved to death?

PER: (*Rocking back and forth.*) Oh, I'm so glad! I'm so glad!

KLAS: Come into the house now, and we'll make a fire for you and give you some food. Father and mother didn't wake up 'cause they sleep at the back.

PER: Are you sure that your father would let me come into his house?

LISA: Why not? Father never turns away anyone who asks for shelter.

PER: But suppose his worst enemy should come?

KLAS: But father hasn't any enemies; he's so kind. Come now. (*They support him.*)

PER: Take a good look at me children!

LISA: Oh Klas, it's Neighbor Per! (*Both children let go of him and draw back.*)

PER: Are you as afraid of me as all that? (*Sits again.*)

LISA: No, but we thought you were a poor beggar who needed help.

PER: Well, and suppose I am?

KLAS: What! Are you poor, too, now? Do you have to leave your house and home as father does?

PER: Well, and suppose that is the truth?

LISA: (*Comes closer.*) Poor Neighbor Per! It's still harder to be poor when you are all alone. But don't be unhappy any more now. Come into the cottage to father and mother, they will know what to do; they are so kind.

KLAS: Yes, father will certainly know what to do.

PER: (*Rising.*) Yes, yes, children . . . Father will know what to do, and Neighbor Per knows what to do, too! Now things shall be put right! Oh, everything shall be put right now, at last. Come, we had better go in right away. But take a good hold of me. I'm still shaky after those terrible dreams. I'm not sure yet if I'm really awake. Wait, I'll make sure. (*He goes up to snow man.*) Listen here, you with your lump of ice, what have you to say now?

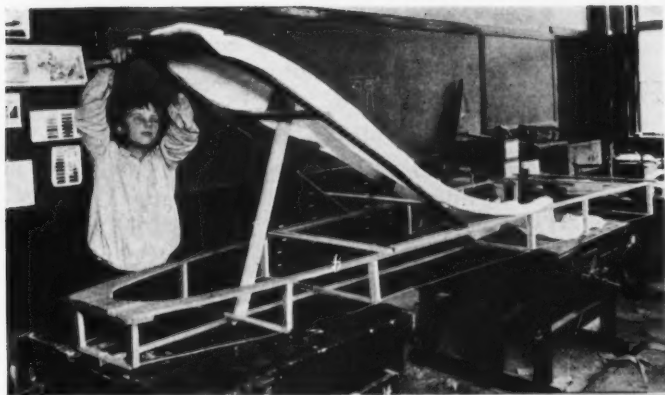
LISA: The snow man can't talk!

PER: No, now he is silent! So I am really awake at last! Come, let's go into the house, but take good hold of me both of you. It's a long time since I've felt children's arms around me. Oh, how glad I am it was only a dream! How glad I am! (*They go into the cottage.*)

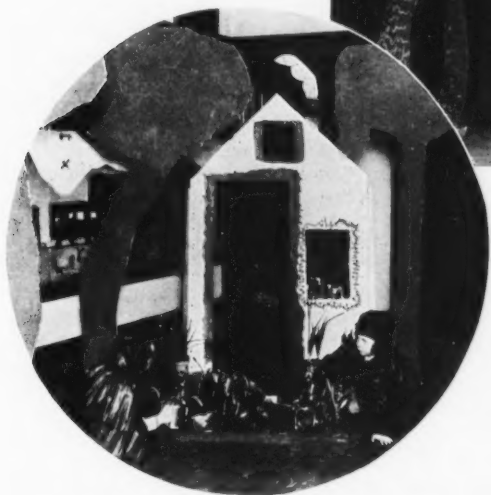
BROWNIE: (*Comes forward, rubbing his hands.*) So the lump of ice did melt finally! (*To the snow man.*) What do you say about that? Hm! He's sleeping, but the children didn't sleep. They woke up, they did. Oh, the likes of children can't be found anywhere! And there they are fussing over Neighbor Per and thinking he's a poor beggar, and he lets them have their way. If the children hadn't been as they are, it never would have turned out so well! But Jon Blund deserves most thanks, after all. I must see that he gets back his umbrella. (*Takes umbrella and looks at it.*) I believe I'll have a little dream myself. (*Puts up umbrella and nods to public.*) Good night, everybody . . . sleep tight!

CURTAIN





*When the sixth grade of the Lincoln School, New York City, decided to give the play "Sokar and the Crocodile" this boy offered to make the crocodile. Here he is making the great jaws*



*Second graders make their scenery too*



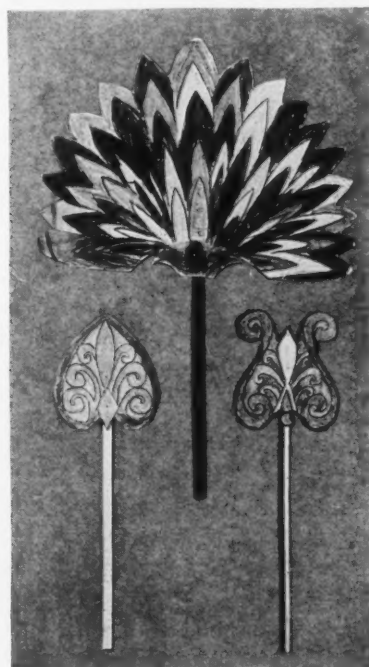
*Boys and girls together making the costumes for "Sokar and the Crocodile"*

## Let's Give a Play

*Boys and girls in many schools make their own scenery, props and costumes and even concoct their own plays. They find it is much more fun to do it that way. Here are some pictures showing the things some of them have made, and how they do it*



*And here is the finished crocodile in action. "I will do anything if you will not eat me," cries Sokar*



*Courtesy Progressive Education Association Standards made in the Winnetka, Illinois, schools for their Egyptian play, "Gift of the Nile"*

# AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS

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## TWO CHRISTMAS PLAYS

WE ARE proud to offer you this month a play by Elsa Beskow, one of the most noted writers of Sweden. It seems to us the kind of play that it would be fun to give, and it may be that you will want to make it a Christmas entertainment. If you decide to charge admission, it would be a good idea to use the money for your Service Fund, or the National Children's Fund.

You will get lots more fun out of the whole thing if you make all your own costumes and scenery. The excellent effects other boys and girls have achieved are shown on page 59.

We want to remind you again of "Once in Bethlehem." This was written especially for the Junior Red Cross by Beulah Folmsbee, and we have it in mimeographed form for distribution. Last year more than a thousand copies were sent all over the country, and the play was given in a number of places with great success.

The play takes about an hour to give. It has a number of characters, but the principal parts are played by an innkeeper too greedy to let lodgings to any one who cannot pay well; Nathan, his stable boy and drudge, and Jeriah, an old blind man who has dreamed of the Messiah who shall come, "not as the captain of armies, but as one who heals their wounds." When Joseph and Mary are turned away by the innkeeper, Nathan offers them his sleeping place in the stable, and goes out to sit with the shepherds

on the hills. In the final scene, Nathan returns with the shepherds to the stable, and at the back of the stage are Joseph and Mary and the baby Jesus.

## SOMETHING TO BE PROUD OF

AS PROBABLY every school child in the United States knows, the National Education Association is made up of people very important to the school world—teachers and superintendents and principals and professors and college presidents. So the president of the N. E. A. is somebody whose opinion counts. Therefore all members of the Junior Red Cross will be proud to know that Miss Florence Hale of Maine, who has just been elected president of the N. E. A., said this in a letter the other day to Judge John Barton Payne:

I am very glad indeed to endorse heartily the work of the American Red Cross not only as a social agency of great value but also as an educational organization closely concerned with bringing about world understanding and world harmony. This year, more than ever, their problem will be an important one. I sincerely hope that educators all over the country, in whatever line of work they are engaged, will give more than usual attention this November to the story of the American Red Cross and to its needs for the coming months.

The Junior Red Cross is a recognized part of our school work everywhere. Already, many definite results have been seen along the line of interesting the children of the world in each other, so that the coming generations will be more likely to settle their differences in a civilized manner. Through interchange of the Junior Red Cross dolls and other friendship gifts, the peoples of the world are beginning to see how much alike they all are in their big underlying motives. This leads them also to realize the folly of sacrificing important interests to make war because of differences which are, after all, trivial when compared to the great similarities of purpose.

## FULL STEAM AHEAD!

ART classes and individual artists throughout the land by this time, we hope, are at work on posters for the international competition announced by the League of Red Cross Societies. It will be a good idea for every contestant to ask himself certain questions before setting to work. Here are some he may find useful:

For what ideas does the Junior Red Cross stand? Which of these ideas is the most universally appealing, the most humanly important, the most fundamental? How can I represent this thought in a drawing, nobly, simply?

The full rules for the competition were printed on page 16 of the September issue of the News.

## THE CIZEK CARDS—A CORRECTION

BY AN unlucky error, the price of the Cizek Christmas cards was given wrongly in our announcement last month. The set of ten sells for twenty-seven cents, not ten cents.



# Something to Read

## NORTHERN LIGHTS

Mikkjel Fonhus: Longmans, Green and Co.

(Ages 12-18)

**I**N THE vast, desolate ice-wastes at the very top of the world is the home of the polar bear. Strongest and most magnificent of all the Arctic animals, he walks his domain without knowledge of fear. All other animals are his natural prey. Only a few hardy hunters and trappers defy the long darkness of the Arctic winter to bring him to death and captivity.

Mikkjel Fonhus tells the story of one of these huge creatures and her cub, and also of Soraasen, the trapper. It is not a story of mad excitement and hairbreadth escapes; better than that, it is a book that gives you the feeling of the darkness and desolation and cold pale beauty of the Arctic. It makes you feel the strength of the bear and the simplicity of her sensations; you understand her struggle for existence against the harshness of nature and the subtlety of man.

The lives of almost all wild animals end in tragedy. The great she-bear feared no other animal, but the north winds caught her on a floating iceberg. It blew her south into a warm summer sea, a great distance from land. When the berg began to melt she slipped off and began to swim back, but the sea was stronger even than her strength. Worn and exhausted, she came ashore on an island off the coast of Norway, and for the first time saw trees and flowers and butterflies and the houses of men. She did not understand this strange country, and when she began to prey on the reindeer, a Lapland herdsman hunted her. And so she never returned to Spitzbergen.

Still, that was to be expected; all wild animals die by violence. The cub had a harder fate. Soraasen caught him in a box trap when he was very little; he learned to drink milk from a bottle, and to play with a kitten. But soon he was sent to a zoo in Germany, and like the other animals there he spent his life walking up and down snuffing

the bars of his cage for a gap that was never there.

This is not a book for every reader. But if you love the sound of words and the pictures they make, if you like to read for a while, and then stop and think what the Arctic looks like or how it feels to be a bear, you will enjoy the book a great deal.

## ROBIN AND ANGUS

Mabel L. Robinson: The

Macmillan Company

(Ages 8 to 12)

**A**NGUS was a wire-haired terrier puppy, and he was just about as bad as a wire-haired terrier puppy can be. He belonged to Robin Winthrop,

who lived with her parents in the beautiful home of an Italian lady in Florence.

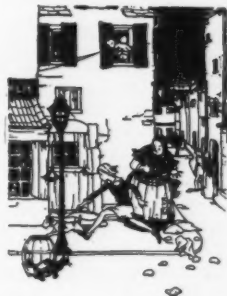
Angus was forever getting into trouble, so that Robin was always afraid that her father would be giving him away. When he stayed home he tore things up, he knocked things over, he dug up the garden and he nipped at Mr. Winthrop's friends; even Beppa, the cook, would not have him around the kitchen after she caught him with his nose in a pot of soup.

And when Robin took him out to walk—well, the picture gives you an idea of what a time she had with him then. He got into debt because he upset a tray of silver cuff-links, and then, when he had a chance to earn the money by posing for Robin's father, who was an artist,

he just wouldn't sit still a second.

But sometimes he did do something useful. He made a thief give back Robin's purse and a little statuette of the Madonna to a poor family. And Robin loved him anyhow, perhaps because he was so bad. So you can imagine how she felt when he was lost for days and days. It is a nice story.

—JULIA CABLE WRIGHT



Courtesy National Association of Book Publishers

Poster for Book Week, by Maud and Miska Petersham

**A** school librarian of Los Angeles, California, arranged world tours for the students. First she and the traveler together planned what countries to visit; then she gave the student the name of a story book about each country, and finally, after all the books had been read she gave the traveler a book made just like a passport, with a snapshot and description of the owner and a "visa" for every country "visited."

# Up at the Hospice of St. Bernard

PART II

CHARLOTTE F. KETT



*Two of the monks with Couronne and her puppies*

AS I POURED out my second cup of tea, the Prior entered and sat down.

"I had no idea you were coming," he said. "If you had only telephoned we could have met you."

"I did not like to disturb anyone," I answered.

"But we are here for that," he said. "In the morning, when you have rested, I shall be glad to show you the Hospice. There is nothing much to see, but what there is . . ."

"You say it's nothing much because you are accustomed to it."

"Yes, I have been here twenty years."

"Then you have seen changes?"

"Modern inventions have altered our lives in some ways. Bringing the skis was the first great change. One of the brothers went to Norway fifty years ago and returned with the first two pairs. He went to get ideas. Our climate is like that of Spitzbergen; the annual mean temperature is minus two degrees. In winter it goes as low as minus thirty. Today was one of our hottest days; the thermometer, Centigrade of course, rose to fifteen. The road will be open in three weeks if this keeps up. Then the motorists will begin to come. That is another change—the motor car. There was danger that the tourists would crowd out the poor; so we turned the newer building over to a hotel manager, and it is there that people rich enough to ride in cars now lodge.

"Another blessed change has been the telephone. Far fewer wayfarers are lost now. But the snow still claims some foolish ones. Five years ago the last big accident occurred when three of the monks were taken. Last winter a woman disappeared. And one of our dogs rolled to his death down a slope. He was a brave and splendid dog. It was out there, on the Italian side, a place where the men go down with ropes.

"Skis and the telephone have meant a lot to us outside, and electricity and steam heat have made a big difference inside the house.

"We make our own electricity. In 1911 we in-

stalled a Diesel engine and an accumulator. They have worked like a charm ever since. You see, the snow comes above the second story in winter, so you can imagine what electric light must mean. We tunnel in to the windows when we can, but the light that comes is dim, and it is hard to keep ahead of the snow.

"There are but fifteen of us, and each one has his duties. There is the Father Key-Bearer, our business manager. His busiest time is the summer. From July through September he keeps his truck constantly on the road bringing up provisions for the year. Just feeding that pack of dogs is no small job. They live on cornmeal mush and meat. The Hospice has cattle of its own. Three cows stay with us through the winter, so we have fresh milk. All their food has to be hauled up, not to mention all our wood and coal. So you can see that that is one man's task. Another is in charge of studies. Several of our men are novices with six years' study ahead of them. Another is the Father Almoner; he cares for cases of distress. And in the summer it takes all one man's time to receive and speed our guests. If you care to come outside you will see the monks at work."

I followed the priest onto the stoop beneath the bridge connecting the two buildings. Eight or ten ruddy-cheeked young men in black breeches, shirts and leg-wraps, armed with picks, shovels and a sled, were at work hacking the caked snowdrift which I had stumbled down that afternoon into chunks the size of a kitchen stove, loading them onto the sled and hauling them off.

"I always thought that monastery life was dull and bookish," I said, surprised at what I saw.

"On the contrary. Here it is one long battle with the elements. That is why it attracts young men."

Supper was soon announced. The old man, the monks and I were served in separate refectories; first a nourishing milk soup, piping hot, deliciously flavored; Italian spaghetti followed, then applesauce and bread.

After supper I went to my room and was undressed and snuggling under the feather-bed-sized down comforter when the clang of bells rang busily down the corridors. "Oh dear," I sighed, "vespers, I suppose. I forgot I was in a monastery. Probably it is bad manners to have gone to bed so soon. But the Prior will understand."

**I** THOUGHT I had barely dozed off when the bell-clanging began again. But the light seemed brighter. I glanced at my watch. Fifty-three! I really should get up. But drowsiness won, and it was not until half past seven that I slipped into the little church.

As I went out and down the stairs, the pack of dogs leapt joyously upon me barking their "good morning" and "how about a walk?" My legs were stiff, my hobnails slippery; and before I saw the danger, the dogs and I were rolling down the stone stairs, one confused mass of cries and barks and clothes and fur.

I wanted comforting and brushing off! The cook. The warmth of the great range was welcome and the burnished copper cauldrons delighted my eyes. The kitchen, large, low and vaulted, had shiny white tiles on the walls, shoulder high; its floor was a big marble checkerboard in black and white. At the stone windowsill which had been chiseled out and made to serve as a sink, stood the Hospice cook. She washed a pan of string beans, then shook some lettuce in a sieve.

"Fresh vegetables?" I exclaimed. "How do you get such luxuries up here?"

"Men bring them up from Italy," the cook replied.

"But the Prior told me they have to use ropes in two places on that side."

"Yes, they climb by ropes; but that does not hurt the lettuce on their backs; and it is best to have green things when we can. Let me give you some breakfast; it will help to steady you after your fall."

When I had finished my coffee with hot milk, and my slice of bread and cheese, I met the Prior at the door which said "Museum." The first thing that struck my eye inside was the

soft gleam of row on row of pewter plates.

"The dinner service of a bygone day," the Prior remarked.

"Oh, why don't you use them still?" I asked. "They do at a hospital I know; they are so beautiful."

"Too beautiful, I fear," the priest said sadly. "Our guests stole so many that we had to put the remaining few in here."

Beneath the plates were rows of coins of the Celts who had passed that way some twenty-four hundred years ago. "But why would they leave money on a mountain top?" I asked.

"To buy a safe journey from Pen, their god of the mountain. When the Romans erected a temple here to Jupiter, in order not to offend the established religion of the region they gave him Pen for a last name; he became 'Jupiter Penin.' If you will say 'Alpe-Penin' quickly you will see how the mountains to the south came to be called the 'Apennines.'"

The telephone rang. "Come with me," said the Prior moving down the corridor to answer it. "This was Napoleon's dining room," he said in a low voice as he took the receiver off the hook.

When he hung it up again he shared his news with me; "We are to have sixty guests tonight, boys from Stuttgart crossing to Italy on a walking tour. They are not so proud as you. They telephone ahead as they should do."

"Yes, this is where Napoleon dined on May the twentieth in 1800. We could not persuade him to pass the night. But his men stayed here. And what a time we had!" He

spoke as if it had happened a year or two ago. "Forty thousand soldiers through this Hospice in a week! We gave them all we had—down to our last straw. There was not so much as a drop of wine when they had gone. Napoleon promised to send us 60,000 francs to repair the damages. He meant to do it, too. Eighteen thousand francs we received. But before he could send the rest of it, he fell. Come and see how much wine they drank."

The Prior led the way down some steps into a vast subterranean space with massive walls. Here row upon row of barrels reared their haunches in the gloom, the flat end of each bar-



*The big dogs visit one of the Hospice herdsman*



rel as large as the floor of a room. My eyes moved up and up to take in these giant kegs. Then I burst out laughing. There from a hook in the arched roof hung a little handful of barrels for a doll's house. "The dogs' kegs!" I exclaimed, "the ones they wear about their necks to take wine to wayfarers."

"I'm afraid they don't; not any more," said the Prior. "People have imagined a lot of things about those little barrels. But the truth is better than their imaginings. We invented those barrels when we kept all our cows with herdsmen in the valley. The dogs went down each day and brought our milk back in their kegs. In that way they helped to keep us all alive. Now that the cows stay with us through the winter, the little barrels hang here collecting dust."

In a big space beyond the wine-cellar each dog had his little room partitioned off. A thick layer of clean straw lined the floor of every kennel except Couronne's, where the puppies were. They lay sumptuously on a huge straw-stuffed cushion with a woolen blanket to keep them warm.

"They are four weeks old," said the priest, rubbing their furry backs. "In another month their education will begin. But these will not grow up with us. They are all promised. We need only ten dogs in these good times."

"All the St. Bernard dogs I've ever seen before had long fur," I said.

"We give away the ones that have long fur."

"But why? I should think they would need it in the cold."

"No, the snow catches on it, melts, freezes it up in little tufts and hurts the dog like pulling hair."

"I never thought of that."

"This is the part of the Hospice which was built by St. Bernard," the Prior patted an enormous bulwark of masonry. The place burned down, you know—right down to the ground—in 1555. But some of the monks apparently stayed on. We've found a fireplace they built in the ruined cellar. Someone had to stay, of course, to help the travelers."

When I had seen everything I said I must be going in order to reach the railway before night.

"You will permit me to send a guide with you, at least across the snow?" the Prior asked.

"A guide?" I said. "I should be glad of one."

"It is blowing up to rain," the Prior added. "Your jacket is by no means waterproof. Please take my rain-cape; you may need it on the way."

There was little I could say. I wanted to do something to express my feelings. I saw a small slot marked "Offerings." My purse was thin; it had in it only the price of two days' room and board. I slipped half of what it held into the slot. "That will at least refund the Hospice for its care of me," I thought. "I'll need the rest for lunch and my ticket on the train." Then I hesitated. The old man who had made those footprints that I had followed up the mountain side. He had enjoyed the same perfect hospitality with empty pockets. I wanted to pay for his night's lodging, too. The fun was that he would never know! So I slipped in all the rest, hoping the smugglers down at the Cantine de Proz would befriend me. They did, magnificently. But that's another tale.

THE monks of St. Bernard are about to undertake a great new project. This is to build another hospice for wayfarers in the vast, remote country of Thibet, high in the Himalaya Mountains on the frontiers of China and India. The people of Thibet are Mongolians and Buddhists. They are probably less touched by European civilization than any other race on the earth's face, and very few white men ever penetrate their fastnesses.

Early in August, the Prior of the order wrote Miss Kett that the Father Key Bearer and the Father Almoner had returned from a tour of investigation of Thibet, and recommended that another hospice be built in the mountains in the eastern part of the country between the twenty-seventh and twenty-ninth degrees of latitude.

*The Children's Newspaper*, London, carried this note on the expedition in July, before the

return of the two explorers from their mission:

"Last November two men set out from Switzerland on an unusual errand. They were the Father Key Bearer and the Father Almoner of the St. Bernard Hospice on their way to explore the mountain passes of Thibet. Their object was to learn if there is need for a mountain refuge for the travel-worn like the age-old one in Switzerland. They went by boat to Indo-China, by train to Hunan-fu, then by caravan, and afterwards on skis to an offshoot of the Himalaya range.

"All along the way, they write, poor people come out to consult them about their maladies. They are glad they took with them a good supply of simple remedies so that they can give first-aid. The natives are much interested in their skis, which are new to their experience. They call them 'boats for snow.'"—EDITOR

# From the Pacific Crossroads

A FEW years ago when Miss Upjohn was down in Hawaii, the pupils in one of the schools in Honolulu told her about a strange question in a correspondence album from a school in the United States, or the "Mainland," as it is called in the territory. The question was: "Please tell us what language you speak?" The Honolulu schoolroom rocked with laughter. For, of course, Hawaii is a part of the United States, a territory annexed by treaty. Children born in the islands, no matter what the nationality of their parents, are American citizens. In school they speak one language, English, and salute one flag, the Stars and Stripes. There was even a time in the early days when children were sent from California to the fine schools that had been started in Hawaii by the missionaries from New England.

A boy in McKinley High School in Honolulu gives this account of the early history of the Territory:

"When Captain Cook landed in the Hawaiian Islands in 1778 he estimated the population at 400,000. While this was probably too high, still it shows that the islands were thickly populated. In 1823 there were 142,000 and in 1918 there were 16,000 of pure Hawaiian blood. When Cook came there was a king on each of the larger islands and Hawaii had at least two. Kamehameha I was the first king of all the islands.

The Hawaiians were divided into three classes: the nobility, comprising the chiefs and lords; the medicine men and priests, and the laboring classes. There were wide distinctions between the class of the chiefs and that of the common people and a working man could never rise to the rank of chief. The chief was believed to be descended from the gods and to be in close communion with the invisible power. All the natives, chiefs and common people alike, had to work for the king.

"In the days of Kamehameha I the people were idol worshipers and believed in all sorts of taboos. For example, when a king died it was forbidden to eat fish or bananas. But after the

death of Kamehameha I there was a strong movement against taboos; some of the women ate the forbidden food and a band of people went through the islands smashing the idols.

"In the time of Kamehameha II, seven New England missionaries came with their wives to the islands in 1820. The New Englanders had long heard of these natives from American whalers, who went to the South Seas for whales and put in at the islands for fuel.

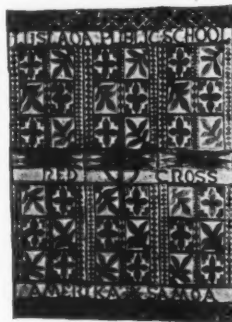
"Through the years that followed, there was more and more contact between Hawaii and the United States. Immigrants began to come in, too, for the descendants of the missionaries needed laborers for the great sugar estates they established, and the natives were dying out so fast that workers had to be brought in from outside, mainly from China and Japan.

"The Kamehameha line ended with the fifth king of that name and the native prince David became king with the name of Kalakaua. After his death his sis-

ter, Liliuokalani, took the oath to the constitution. She brought about a revolution and tried to allow only Hawaiians to vote. Alarmed for the welfare of the country, the citizens formed a provisional government, with Sanford B. Dole, one of the descendants of the New England missionaries, at the head, until annexation could be arranged with the United States. In 1898, a steamer decked with American flags brought the news that Congress had decided to annex Hawaii. Two years later it became a Territory."

ON THIS page is a picture of a lovely piece of tapa cloth which came from Samoa. It is not woven, but is made more like felt. A girl named Lusi in the school and village of Aoa on the island of Tutuila made this piece for correspondence material. Tapa making is one of the old arts of the Hawaiians, too, and this account of the process was written by a boy of Honolulu:

"Tapa was the native clothing in Hawaii. It was made of the inside bark of any tree or shrub, the fibers of which are beaten together. In Ha-



*Decorated tapa cloth made by a Junior of Aoa School, Samoa*

waii the bark of the wauke, mamaki, maaloa and populu were used.

"The wauke was found wild, but was also much cultivated. A year or two after planting, the shrubs were cut down by the men and the bark was divided into long strips. The women then rolled these strips with the inside surface exposed so as to let the sap evaporate, and then, having scraped off the outer bark with a sharp shell, they soaked the rest in a stream. After the bundles of bark had been soaked long enough to become soft, the tapa was beaten on a smooth stone, or *kua*, with a round mallet or *ie*. This felted the fibers together. When the fiber had been soaked again, it was beaten on a wooden log with a mallet having patterns on four sides to give it an even texture. The tapa beater had beside her a kind of glutinous water in a coconut shell, which she used to make the pieces stick together. The tapa could be made any size or shape by overlapping the strips and beating them together. Tapa was then bleached in the sun to make it white.

"Dyes were made from the soil, or from berries or roots pounded on a stone mortar and mixed with a vegetable oil and with water. Different patterns were stamped with a bamboo stamp on the tapa and then painted."

A GREAT event every spring in Honolulu is the Kite Day on a big aviation field beside the sea. Hundreds of tourists come specially for it. But Kite Day really started at the Mid-Pacific Institute up in Manoa, called the Valley of Rainbows. This description comes from that school:

"Kite Day is an annual affair of Mid-Pacific Institute. Kites of all devices and designs are exhibited on that day, when regular class-room work is put aside. The day is observed about the latter part of April for this is the best time for kite flying. Prizes ranging from a dollar to ten dollars in value are given to the first three winners of each event.

"The rules provide that every kite entered be made by the owner himself, that it have a framework and that it fly a distance of at least twenty-five feet. There are about ten to twelve events, and new kites are made each year.

"The dragon fly, the fountain pen and the centipede kites have usually stood the best chance in the uniqueness event, while the butterfly, with its gor-

geous colors, has always been the undisputed beauty champion. There is also a prize for the most comical kite.

"In the Kite Fighting Contest the kite that cuts the cord of the greatest number of other kites in a certain space of time is the champion. For these kites the boys use number ten thread with powdered glass glued to it to give it a cutting edge.

"The size of the kite in the miniature contest must not be smaller than four square inches nor greater than sixteen inches. This rule is enforced because in one contest a kite was made so small that the judges had to use a microscope to see it."

SOME of the Christmas boxes always go to the Territory. This nice thank-you letter came from the Territorial Normal Training School:

"We, the children of the fifth grade class of the Normal Training School wish to thank you very much for the Christmas packages that were sent to us. It pleased us to think that we were being remembered by children who live many thousand miles away from us.

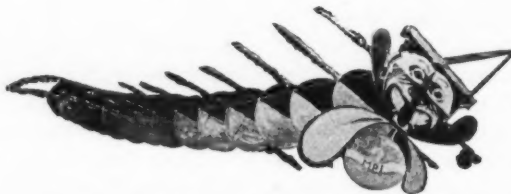
"We thought about some of the other children in our city who would be made happy with your gifts, and sent some of the boxes to the St. Mary's Mission and the Palma Settlement. Each class chose a representative to help take these boxes personally to the two homes.

"We thought you would be interested to know that our two fifth grades were a hundred per cent in joining the Junior Red Cross.

"A few of the grades in our school help to make toys which were given away to the children of our hospitals. The girls made rag animal toys of all sizes. The boys made some wooden ducks and rabbits. These were painted in different colors. All the gifts were taken to Queen's, Children's and Japanese hospitals.

"On the last day of school we went over to the teachers' dormitory grounds for a Christmas party. But before this began we were all entertained by some of the teachers. They put on a pageant called a 'Mystery Play.' As the players were assembled the Girls' Glee Club sang many different Christmas carols.

"When this play was over, we all gathered around the large Christmas tree. Santa Claus brought popcorn and an apple for each one present."



A centipede kite made in many separate sections



# For Our Veterans

**Y**OUR work for the Army, Navy and Veterans' Bureau hospitals last year mounted up surprisingly. Well over fifty thousand different little gifts were sent to the disabled men. These included favors, nut cups, paper caps, decorated menu cards, napkins, tallies, greeting cards, toys, Christmas boxes and bags, place cards, vases, ash trays, calendars, joke books, scrap books, writing boards, phonograph records, canary birds, plants, and other things besides. If you made a single one of these things for the men in the hospitals, you helped roll up this great total.

Schools that have adopted veterans' hospitals get very interesting letters in thanks for their gifts. Sometimes the people who look after the men's good times write and tell how the men liked the presents, and sometimes the men themselves also write the Juniors. A letter from a man in the Brooklyn, New York, Naval Hospital gives a good idea of the daily routine of most of the men:

"Perhaps you would like to know a little about the life we lead here in this great hospital as patients of Uncle Sam. Well, from reveille to taps we are well occupied being taken care of. We rise shortly after six, those of us who can hobble about, and then we have what we call 'chow.' After a very good breakfast we return to our wards and 'stand by' for sick call or inspection. Sick call is made by what we call 'a striper and a half.' That's a doctor holding the rank of Junior Lieutenant in the Navy. Inspection is by the 'four striper' or the 'skipper,' and he's our captain. After sick call comes treatment or a game of cards, or just chatting. We also have a recreation room here to which those of us who are able frequently go. Others of us who are bedridden are cheered by the visits of our Red Cross workers at the hospital. And after supper there is quite apt to be a show in B basement given for us by the Red Cross."

Life in a hospital becomes very tedious after a while, as any of you who have ever been sick very long will know, and every celebration is a big event in the lives of the invalids. The holidays that make the men think of home are sometimes hard to get through, but remembrances from the J. R. C. always help to make them more gay, as this letter to the W. F. Mercer

*A student at McGee School, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, painting a vase for the Marine Hospital in that city*



School, Pittsfield, Massachusetts, clearly shows:

"We cannot tell you of the exclamations, delight and enthusiasm over the beautiful things sent by Mercer School—so many and so wonderfully decorated. The vegetable dolls and pinecone turkeys were about the cleverest things we have seen for favors, and they certainly added a lot of fun to the Thanksgiving tables. The oak-leaf nut cups were really works of art and decorated the trays of one entire ward. The joke cards were used for this same purpose to cheer up the infirm men, and we are so glad the children put the name of the school on the back of these cards."

How much the recreation workers in the hospitals depend on the J. R. C. for help is shown by this thank-you letter which the seventh and eighth grades of the Corning, California, School received from the hospital at Fort Lewis, Washington:

"Thanksgiving Day was almost here and it appeared as if the patients in the hospital at Fort Lewis would have nothing but a turkey dinner to make the day any different from the others that seem to pass so slowly when one is not well and not able to be up and around. Even the turkey isn't so much of a treat unless one can see it, all nice and brown and steaming hot, in the center of the table, and then get terribly excited, anxious to see who draws the drum sticks and the wish bone. In a hospital there is none of this fun because the turkey will be carved in the kitchen and arranged on trays.

"Well, there seemed to be nothing to do about it when along came the menu covers that you boys and girls made. Now there *would* be something to make the trays look festive and to remind us of Thanksgiving after the turkey had disappeared."

*German Juniors keep fit for service by getting a lot of fresh air*



*A group in East Prussia reads its international correspondence out of doors*

THE eighty-six J. R. C. members of the Puurmani school in Estonia arranged a large banquet at which the Juniors gave performances and sang national songs. The greater part of the proceeds was spent for school lunches of bread and butter and milk. Some of the wealthier pupils added to this sum, and in this way it was possible to supply eight poor pupils with lunches for fifty days. In addition the section provided fifty-four handkerchiefs as

Christmas presents for twenty-seven poor pupils, and knitted shoes for them to wear to gymnastic class.

The branch supplied sick children with remedies and bandages. It also has its little library and a supply of games and sport equipment for the use of the school.

The section organized an essay competition on the subject: "How to be Healthy, Sound and Brave."

DECEMBER third last year, four thousand Hungarian Juniors marched into the courtyard of the Royal Castle carrying six thousand kilograms (approximately 13,227 pounds) of food, in answer to an appeal from Mme. de Horthy, wife of the Governor of Hungary, for supplies to feed the poor. The food was neatly tied in two thousand white paper bags, each bearing the sign of the Red Cross on its side and a sprig of Christmas green in its knot. After the army of Juniors had passed by and placed their parcels at Mme. de

## Friends Abroad

cos Street Elementary School presented a bouquet to Mme. de Horthy and a pupil from a Teacher's College gave her a memorial. After songs and speeches, the delegation filed out to the tune of the Junior Red Cross March.

A LETTER from a member of the Junior Red Cross group at Fagelfors, Sweden, tells how the group gave Christmas happiness:

We had such fun at the Christmas distribution of presents. In two cars we went to the homes of old people. We sang Christmas carols, and then a little boy dressed as a Christmas sprite handed out the bags with a deep bow. One old woman who was ninety-five said she had never enjoyed anything so much in all her life. It was touching to see how pleased all these lonely old people were. In the bags we brought there was coffee, sugar, rice, spice cakes and candies—all provided by the Juniors. The children that we visited also got mittens, stockings and so forth. One little school boy received an entire outfit. He was very pleased and proud when he came to show himself to us.



*Juniors of Sofia, Bulgaria, form a living red cross in the Red Cross Day parade. They wear red caps and sweaters with white skirts*

**A**USTRALIAN Juniors write to their magazine excellent short accounts of the activities of various circles. The Norwood Central Boys' Circle reports:

Our funds are used for relieving people who are having a hard time of it through unemployment. We have a distress fund in our school which is used to help the parents of scholars attending our school. Some kind friends have given us a quantity of wood suitable for making toys and we are busy. We are meeting weekly instead of fortnightly until Christmas, in order to make a great number of playthings for children in hospitals, including toy wagons, hobbyhorses, and cars. For those who are not able to get out of bed we are making jumping-jacks and tumbling men on sticks.

**M**EMBERS of the Siamese Junior Red Cross carry on many unusual activities. Juniors of the Pattany Division supplied the people with fresh water at the season when the sea water flowed far up into the river. In so doing they helped to avert a cholera epidemic, for at this season cholera is prevalent if fresh drinking water cannot be procured. Juniors of the Nagara Panom Division reconditioned a well which was much used by the people of the neighborhood. The members at the Nong Ean school nursed a young traveler who fell ill with dysentery as he was passing through their village.

Both girl and boy Juniors of the Nong Buk group played important parts at a religious festival lasting five days. They gave first aid, controlled the crowd, and saw to the comfort of the people. Biden Juniors built a temporary dam for the benefit of the rice fields, and gave their services in reaping the rice. Members of the Sabarang group helped to extinguish a garage fire and one in a rice field.

**J**APANESE Juniors are active in health propaganda. Members in Osaka paraded through the city waving Junior Red Cross flags, singing "Open Your Windows" and distributing handbills furnished by the local Anti-tuberculosis Society and the local Red Cross Chapter. Juniors of Hiratsuka, at the request of the local Hygiene Association, made two hundred posters to illustrate slogans made up by fifth grade children, and put them up at street corners. Juniors of

Tsuchizakai, Kankai and Okawa made up slogans for fire prevention.

**T**HE eleven Junior Red Cross circles at Stanislavow, Poland, each prepared two portfolios and sent them to Polish schools that have no Junior Red Cross circles. They hoped that the pupils would become interested in the Junior Red Cross because of these portfolios, and would organize Junior circles.

**L**AST year a Junior Red Cross group from the Odenwald, Germany, visited a school in Schleswig-Holstein with whom they had for a long time kept up a regular correspondence. After their return they wrote about their trip to a school in East Prussia. Many of them had never before seen the sea, or gulls. They described how their hitherto unknown friends met them with cheers, of how they went swimming, played games, and of the nights spent in the "Jugendherbergen" (youth hotels or inns maintained by many towns in Germany for just such expeditions of young people as this).

**F**ROM Germany comes this account of a good activity:

Have you organized a mouth organ band in your Junior Red Cross group? Let me tell you how we in Wunsiedel organized one. Last summer I was ill for a few weeks in our local hospital. My comrades used to visit me regularly in the afternoons and we would hold recitations and sing folksongs. Before long there came requests from the neighboring rooms: "Please, sing some more, we love to listen to folksongs."

A short time after I had got well again a gentleman who was interested in our class gave us twenty marks. With this we bought ten mouth organs. The boys who could afford it bought instruments for themselves and today we have a band of twenty-four players. We practiced with enthusiasm and in a very short time had quite a respectable repertoire.

Then one Sunday morning we went to the big hall of the hospital and our songs and mouth-organ airs rang out clearly and cheerfully. All the wards were thrown open. All those who could walk came and hung over the banisters. A little three-year-old boy whose leg had been amputated was carried out by another invalid. He clapped his hands and cried: "Music, Music!"

And now we sing almost every two weeks. Wouldn't you like to start a mouth-organ band for yourselves? You will give much pleasure in that way and incidentally you will have march music for your expeditions.



*Hungarian members with part of the 13,227 pounds of food which they gave Madame de Horthy for the poor*





*Members in Madison, Wisconsin, with the cases of books they collected for the Indian children of Odanah*

## Juniors Here and There

**R**OGERS Elementary School, New Orleans, Louisiana, lies in a neighborhood where so many are out of work that whole families are destitute.

The Juniors organized a plan for relief work. One day each week two grades in the school bring provisions for the day. Ten families a week are being cared for in this way. These families are also provided with bread each day. Two dollars and fifty cents was also raised by a cake sale.

One family was given coats for the mother and daughter, and three other children were provided with dresses and coats.

**T**HE Garden City Public School of Inkster, Michigan, with 145 Juniors, has adopted the United States Veterans' Hospital at Sheridan, Wyoming, which has 440 beds. They were asked if they wanted to take such a big responsibility by themselves, or if the Midwestern Branch should assign another school to the same hospital. The letter reporting their feeling about it said:



*De Funiak Springs, Florida, Juniors with the baskets of Thanksgiving goodies they distributed to needy families*

We are quite sure that we can take care of the U. S. Veterans' Hospital at Sheridan, Wyoming, and we would like to have that as our responsibility.

The Juniors know that it will be a good big job but they didn't like the idea of having to let any other school in to help them. Of course, they will want to do and have done all that is possible for the men in this hospital. They would like to shoulder this responsibility alone.

**A**LLIANCE, Ohio, schools carried on their Junior membership campaign at the same time that the senior Red Cross held theirs. Since there seemed to be so much unemployment and need, the Juniors brought great quantities of food and clothing to schools for distribution to needy families. The Health Department discovered sev-

eral children who needed glasses whose families could not buy them. The Junior Red Cross provided them, and also paid for removing tonsils of some of the children.

**S**ALEM, Massachusetts, Juniors sent twenty-five electric lamps that can clamp on the beds

to the Veterans' Hospital at Outwood, Kentucky. "The joy of the bed patients, who can now see to read after dark without straining their eyes, is wonderful to see," the hospital reported.

**M**EMBERS in Hammond, Indiana, and Chillicothe, Ohio, are among those who have undertaken the J. R. C. canning project, following the suggestion from National Headquarters that Juniors should can and dry fruits and vegetables for families in need. After they had put the vegetables up, they gave them to those in their districts who were already helping men who were out of work. Each can was marked with the name of the branch of the J. R. C. and labeled, "not to be sold."

**J**UNIORS of Utica, New York, presented a canary in a pretty new cage to the Children's Ward of the General Hospital.

**J**UNIORS in Evansville, Illinois, have made kites with large Red Crosses on them in their schools. They are planning to fly them during Roll Call to catch the notice of the public.

**W**HEN the Red Cross of Cincinnati, Ohio, shipped a box of clothing to drought sufferers in Kentucky last year, the Juniors enclosed a beautiful doll to be given to some sick or crippled child. This is the letter they received in thanks:

I am a little cripple girl eight years old and have been in Kings County Hospital, Ashland, Kentucky, a long time. Can walk now with a brace on one leg to my hip. If that brace was off of my leg and I could run I would get me a stick and put a big red cross on it and run up and down the road and holler, "Hurrah for the Red Cross and everybody that takes part in their work." No one ever was pleased any better than I was when I received the doll.

**M**EMBERS in Winchester, Massachusetts, like to do some of their work through the social service organizations of their city.

In November of last

year every boy and girl was asked to bring some sort of food as his contribution to Thanksgiving dinners. Several bushel baskets of fruits, vegetables and preserves were thus collected and were distributed by the Winchester Citizens' Community Relief Committee.

Shortly before Christmas, small boxes, attractively decorated and sealed, were placed in each home room. Each pupil was given opportunity to contribute his bit—a penny, a nickel, or as much as he wished—for the Christmas fund. A letter enclosing a check for \$23.24 was sent to the Relief Committee. In this letter the hope was expressed that the money might be used for their Christmas program.

In January these Juniors sent 134 articles of clothing to the Public Welfare Board for distribution in Winchester. The clothing, including shoes, dresses, overcoats, sweaters, hats, stockings, gloves and underclothing, was in excellent condition—clean, attractive, and wearable.

**"FROM** the oldest Americans to the newest," was the message that went with Christmas gifts which Juniors in the Mount Pleasant, Michigan, Indian School sent to children at Ellis Island. The gifts were rag dolls which had been made by members in the third and fourth grades. The children who received the dolls sent back enthusiastic letters of thanks to the "oldest Americans."

These Indian Juniors are very enthusiastic, and are enrolled one hundred per cent in the Red Cross. They earned their right to belong by doing small tasks for their teachers.

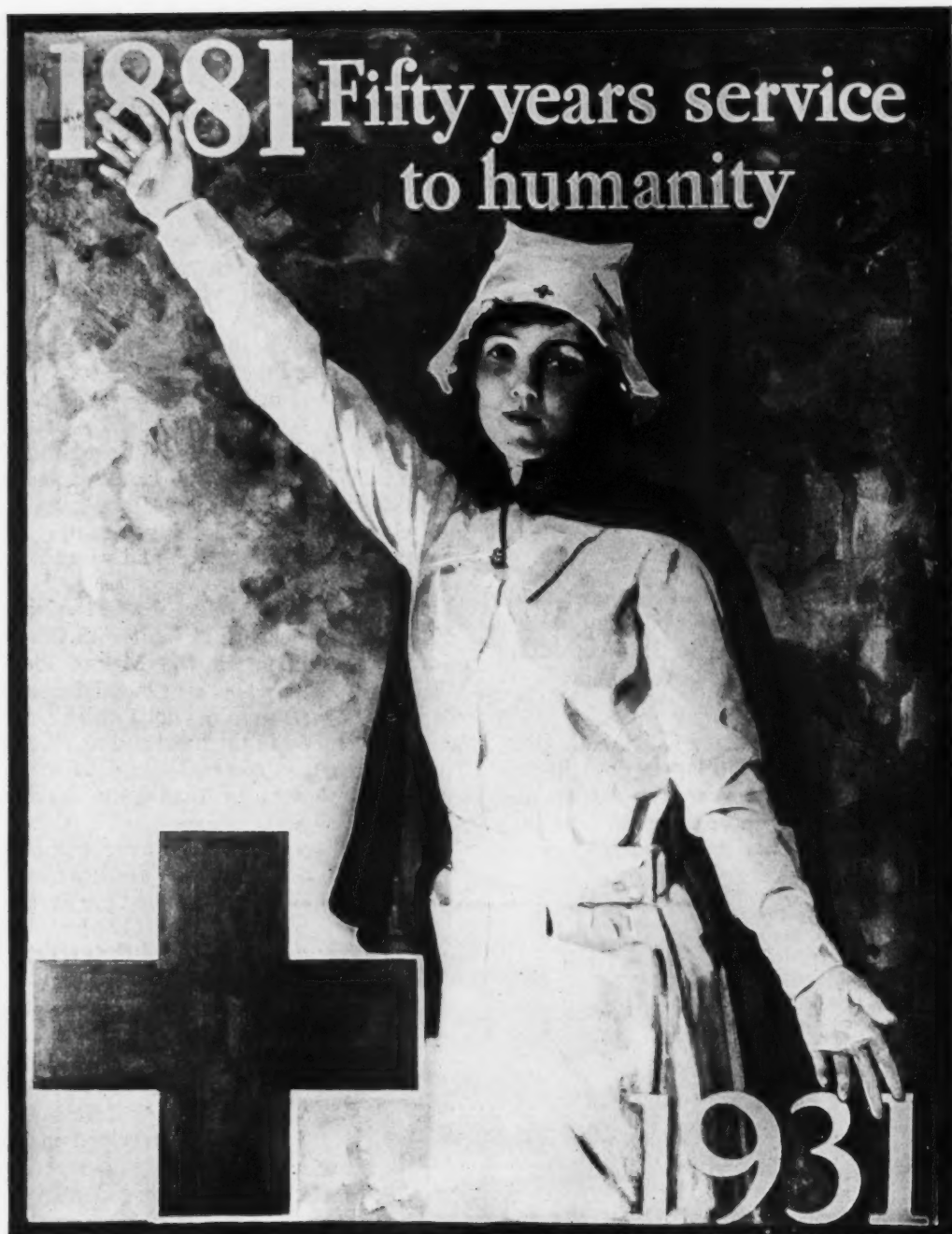
The seventh and eighth grades sent cards which they had made to a hospital for the blind, and received in return cards with greetings in Braille. A letter from the seventh grade tells of their further doings.

At Christmas time the boys of our seventh grade class made calendars of Indian designs and sent them to the Edward Hines Junior Hospital in Chicago, or Hines, Illinois. We received in return a print from a wood block cut by a blind veteran, Nicholas Troesch, also a letter of appreciation from another patient, Frank J. Zakovae.

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*If we did not have the American National Red Cross there would be no American Junior Red Cross. This is but one of a number of reasons why every Junior should feel a deep, personal interest in the annual Roll Call, that period when the people, everywhere, are given an opportunity to become members of the Red Cross.*

*Appoint a committee from your room or school to call at your Red Cross Chapter office and volunteer your help during Roll Call. Your Council should accept this as one of its duties.*

*Although Juniors are not allowed to solicit adult memberships, you should study the history of the Red Cross and ask your teacher or principal to plan for a Red Cross*

*day in the school, when an interesting program can be presented. This would make an interesting Junior project for the Public Speaking and Dramatics classes, and they could help, also, by appointing Juniors to give talks at school assemblies and public meetings. The writing of stories and compositions with the Red Cross as the subject, or the preparation of articles for the school magazine or the local newspaper would give opportunities to the English classes. The Art classes can help by making Roll Call posters for public display.*

*Your own ingenuity will suggest many other ways in which you can help make this Fiftieth Anniversary year a memorable one in the history of the Red Cross.*



